123 We have given the Seris so much we are now short ourselves. Variety is very restricted. We haven't enough tin dishes or tools to go around, but that does not trouble us at all. All the cleaning is done in salt water and sand. Fresh water is only used to drink. Nothing else. We can't even take a shave. Not a drop of water. We are very lax in our personal toilets and appearance. We are barefooted always in the boat, as we have to wade to get the boat in deep water, and often the waves slosh on board.

This boat is made of a hollowed log twenty feet long and three feet, three inches wide, and she is very cranky. She almost upset with us several times. When everybody is placed in it, it is difficult to even change a posture without endangering everybody. She has no keel and leaks some, so we have to bail out often. But she is a good sea boat and rides the waves well if they are not too rough.

123 One evening we decided to get a message through to Juan Tomas, the 439 Chief, some twenty or thirty miles distant. Herrera promised to go if [203] we gave him twenty thirty-thirty cartridges. He would go one day and [404] return the next, a round trip of about fifty miles. We gave him the message to tell those people we had a lot of things to trade for the things they use in every day life. Pelican skin kilts, bows and arrows, ollas, baby cradles, hair brushes and other interesting things. I had already made a trade with Blanco for his *balsa*, promising him sufficient lumber, nails and tools, to make a boat large enough to carry five men. This promise I fulfilled to the letter, and later on another expedition to Seriland I had the pleasure of sailing in this boat, which was well built and seaworthy. The unusual part of this bargain was that Blanco permitted me to deprive him of his only means (apparently) of making a living in hunting *cahuama* for himself and his family, freely and without hesitation, simply on my promise of lumber in the future. I was deeply touched by the trust reposed in me by this old sea rover.

322 These people are splendid mechanics with the crudest of tools--- [50] rocks, fire, bones, knives. For instance, the pole of the harpoon was composed of five pieces of driftwood and a seagoing boat which I saw in Guaymas, captured by Mexican fishermen after killing the Seri crew, was composed of fully one hundred pieces of driftwood fastened with nails made of wire, and tied with fiber, and all the seams were filled [325] with a black composition of native origin resembling pitch. Previous to the use of old iron, harpoon points were made of ironwood, but now iron is universally used.

283 I asked old Blanco for some of his native rope. He gave me some of [123] it. He said they get the slender roots of the mesquite and peel the bark, and then the girls and women chew the fibrous wood. This is shredded and twisted into small two-stranded ropes. It is this rope, tied around and around, that holds the *carriso balsa* together.

285 [824] I watched a woman make a basket. She used young branches from the terote tree, I think *terote blanco*. The bark was peeled and shredded into two parts, the heart taken out and kept separate. The coils of the round part were put in a pot of hot water to soften, and the edge of the basket was soaked a little in hot water. The center of the coils or woof consisted of six or eight strips of heart while the outer sap wood was woven around in regular coil-weave fashion.

[287] [412] A brad of deer shin-bone sharpened on pumice to a needle point was used as a brad. With this brad she split the fiber, held one piece in her mouth, and stripped the back down. Then she punched a hole in the bone brad, inserted the sharp end of the fiber and pulled it almost through. She then repeated the operation, adding a strip of heart once in a while. These baskets are coarse and unattractive, but they are hard and tough and stand heavy use.

323 [238] [372] Cooking vessels consist of two or three cooking ollas that nest together to facilitate transportation. These are made of coarse clay, solely for utility without regard for beauty of shape, color or design. In burning these ollas they use the shell of the sea turtle. The cells of the shell are filled with a fine oil and this burns the ollas. On most of the other places on the mainland, the Indians use cow chips, or dried droppings to fire the clay.

283 484 123 [277] We proposed to shift camp to Tinajanita, our first landing place, where Herrera was to meet us in two days with the Chief and some of his men. Since it was blowing, he said the men couldn't fish and they would be on land probably hunting, so he would be able to see them. At this time they gathered *sescal* on an island off the west coast to make the liquor they used at fiestas, weddings and other celebrations.

Herrera left at five o'clock in the morning, with a swinging gait, for the opposite side of the Island. The distance around by boat would be fifty miles, and across, only about twenty or twenty-five---a full day's trip and hard, as mountains would have to be crossed and the rocks were sharp and the way difficult.

123 We had breakfast on rice and bread. Our rations are running low and we expect to move this morning. We made arrangements about the native boat and saw Blanco trot off with two five-gallon cans for water, a distance of ten miles. We went to the camp to get a few things---an old basket, a Pelican hide and other things, and then we asked the help of everybody to get the boat down to water---the tide was very low. The one man, the women and five of us were required to drag and push the boat to water.

We waved goodbye, loaded her up and then rowed against the tide and wind for miles, and finally landed in a lovely sheltered lagoon, built our fire and had lunch. A few crabs were speared, and late in the afternoon the wind shifted. We loaded the boat again and pushed off for Tinajanita, our first landing place. After rowing, we raised

[text continues on p.174]